



SO, PANCHO... WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

ANY PLACE, CISCO AMIGO! THAT BEB... ANYPLACE SHE HAVE TORTILLAS! PANCHO BEB SO HUNGRY!

YOUR
BLIGHTEST WISH,
PANCHO, IS
CISCO'S COMMAND... YOU
SHALL EAT RIGHT
HERE. WATER,
THE HORSES...
I WILL PRE-
PARE A FEAST
FOR YOU,
AMIGO MIO!

HOKAY! ER...
NO KEEPID,
KEED I YOU
MAKE ME
VER' HAPPY!

DINNER...
SHE IS
SERVED!

UM... SMELLS GOOD!
PANCHO IS NEAR
STARVE FOR DOSE
TORTILLAS!



HA! YOU WANT JONES
BOUT PANCHO HAVIN'
LURE EH? I SHOW
YOU! POSTER, Y
MANOTE THE
SEÑOR TAG...

CHOCACHETTE... YOU ARE OBSCOUS!
LOOK INTO PANCHO'S EYES AN'
TRY TO RESIST! MY GARTH ERBS...

SO I'LL AGLEEF EH?
MAYBE I GOT SOM' TENDO!
OH WELL, BUENOS NOCHES.
I GO DREAM
ABOUT
TORTILLAS!

JAN GO SO TO RED... THEN THE DAWN
CAME UP LIKE THUNDER... NOW LET US
THINK THIS THING OVER... IS THAT THE
DAWN THUNDERHOT LISTEN... HARDLY!

CARRAMBAH! MY
CISCO... WAKE UP,
PLenty SHOOTIN'
THE SHERIFF'S POSSE
I THEENK!

ALWAYS
TROUBLE! COO
SWEAR HE HELL
NEVER GO
WEAR ANY
SEÑORITAS
AGAIN--
NEVER!
OH OH!

UH...
WHAT'S
THIS?

EVEN IN DE
WOODS DAY
FIND 'EM!

OH, SENOR! PLEASE
HELP US...OUR COW-
BOYS ZET FOOT
A GUEL!

SÍ, SENOR...EVERY
DAY NEARLY FOR
TWENTY YEARS ZEY
ENGAGE IN ZE
STUPID FIGHT!

SÍ! THAT'S
WHAT THE
SHOOTINGS
ABOUT!

SÍ, SENOR! AN WE BE
AFRAID SOME DAY ZEY
INJURE THEMSELVES. AN
IT IS ALL OVER, A
SEÑORITA... CONCHITA!

I TELL YOU,
DON MIGUEL--
CONCHITA
LOVE ONLY ME!

...AN ZET TRY TO
PREVENT US FROM BEING
FRIENDS, SENOR... ZE
SILLY, ANCIENT FOOLIN'

YOU--
PEECH!

BANG

YOU
BOSCHER
FEE!

TEES AND
DON PEDRO!

WELL, IF I
MUST--I MUST.
BUT I'D
RATHER OLD
UP A STAGE
COACH!

YOU WILL
PLEASE STOP
THEM?!

OF COURSE, MOST
BEAUTIFUL
SEÑORITAS-- I
TRY...

OH MUCHO
GRACIAS, SENOR!

GENTLEWOMEN, CEASE FIRING.
AN I DECIDE WHICH OF YOU
OR BOTH ONE ARE A NEW
SOMBERNO! YOU HAVE SHOT
A HOLE IN IT!

I DIDN'T
HE DID TOO
THAT, YOUNG
MAN!

ME I DID
NOT--HE
DID, NOW
DO WAY
JAHOOKE!

AH... MY FRAN' IS VEREE
OOOO DIPLOMATI! TEEN'
BE STOP DE DUE... MEBBE
YUP, CISCO... BE FEEK!

WHO-OOT?



... MY
AMIGO...
CISCO?

CISCO? OH?



OH 'WAY
PEPTAL! I SAW
BEM FIRST!

LADEEZ! Y- IT WAS
I, SENOR
CISCO!

THESE CHICO,
DON PEDRO -
A CHAMER!



HO-HON DE MOH COMICAL
TEENO: HO-HON CISCO FERK
DE OL' GENTLEMAN'S FIGHT...
NOW DE TWO SENORITAS
MAX' FIGHT OVER HEENU



CHAMER! YOU TWO
GIRLS FIGHTING OVER
A MAN!

I THINK NOW
CISCO TAKE A
WALK!

LISTEN TO
GRAN PAPA.
I HAVE AN
IDEA.



'AYN 'ALT, SENOR
CISCO, OR WE SHOOT?
— RETURN!

?



SEÑOR CISCO! WE HAVE AN IDEA THAT YOU CAN HELP OUR GRAN-BADRES IN THEIR PREDICAMENT. YOU MUST HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN!

IN FACT, WE INSIST, SEÑOR! DO AS WE ASK OR WE SHOOT...



MY FAT FRIEND, WHY YOU LAUGH? WHAT IS SO FUNNY?

HO-HO! YOU NOT THINK SO, CISCO? HO-HO-HA-HA!



YOU HEARD WHAT THEY INSIST I DO... GO TO SEÑORITA CONCHITA AND MAKE HER CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM!

HO-HO! THAT'S BET! THEES BE THE FIRST TIME CISCO PLAY CUPID FOR SOMEONE ELSE!



COME ALONG, SEÑOR CISCO...

DON PEDRO AND I CANNOT DELAY LONGER!



....AND SO THE CAVALCADE ARRIVES AT THE SUNBAKED LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE MUCH FIGHT OVER SEÑORITA CONCHITA LIVES...

CHEER UP, CISCO. AMOO... SEÑORITA CONCHITA IS A PRETTY ONE, I BET YOU!

I DON'T CARE SO LONG AS I GET OVER THIS!



WE WISH TO SPEAK TO SEÑORITA CONCHITA... WILL YOU CALL HER?

AH... I AM CONCHITA... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU... TEE-HEE... HANGSOME SENORE!

AND SO YOU SEE, SEÑORITA... IF YOU DO NOT CHOOSE ONE OF YOUR LOVERS, THEY WILL KILL ME... AND WHAT THEN OF THOSE WHO LOVE ME?

OH, HOW SAD... VERY WELL, I SHALL DECIDE...



FOR FIFTEEN
YEARS I'VE TRIED
TO DECIDE - BUT
NOW I KNOW WHICH
IS THE ONLY
ONE FOR ME...

--AND HE IS
NEITHER DON
PEDRO OR DON
MIGUEL--

OH!
OH!



AH...I WAS
AFRAID SO--
SHE MEANS
MY CISCO!

...MY
CISCO! OH,
DEAR...SHE
COULDN'T
RESIST EEEH!

AH...BUT NOW
CISCO, EE SES NOT
CONCHITA'S TYPE!

BUT, YES!
IT IS ZEE
CHARMING
DON PANCHO
I LAWF!

CESCO!
SAVE ME!!



BUT YOU ARE
MY TYPE...

SHE MEANS
MY TYPE...

OH-OH!



ALL THE TIME YOU
WANT WOMEN TO
LOVE YOU, PANCHO--
HOW YOU RUN
AWAY!

EVEN IF SHE
COULD COOK
TORTILLAS...I
COULD NOT
LOVE THAT
ONE!



Killer's Nemesis!

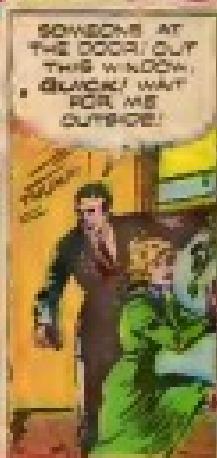
DARRELL IS
ADVENTURE IN PICTURES

THE BLACK STAGGER OF STEEL-
NICKED BULLETS CRACK THROUGH
THE AIR AND HEMMIE GLORIA
WENTWORTH IS SNATCHED INTO THE
WINDING SEEDAN... HER BODYGUARD
RUTHLESSLY SLAIN.

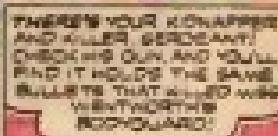
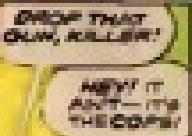
SHORTLY AFTER—
GEORGE DARRELL,
ACE CHINAH,
TAKES OVER...

HMM... THESE
MAKEDON'S?
TILL SOLICE
THEM.

AND SO LATER—
THESE THEY ARE;
TO BITTERDOG AND
INVESTIGATE!



QUICKLY DISARMING A
GUNSMITTER, DARRELL
USES HIM AS A
SHIELD, BUT A BULLET
FINDS ITS MARK...



SUPER

BABY

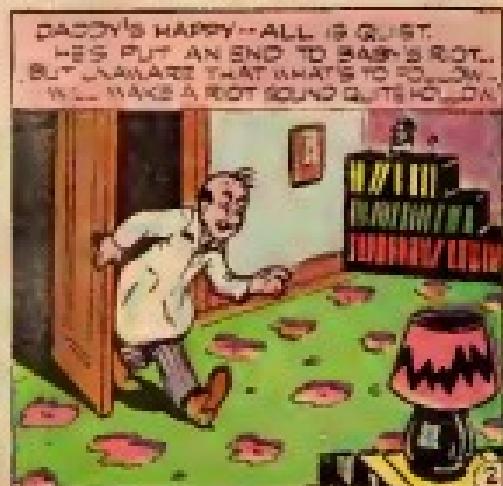
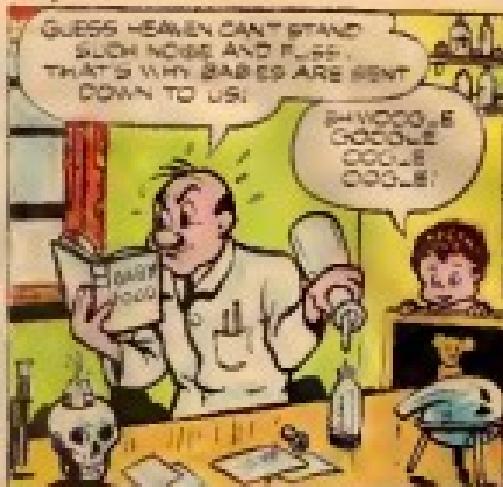
PERIWINKLE, WONDERMAN,
CAPTAIN, COLONELS, THEN ADMIRAL,
PRIVATE, LODGE, CORPORALS, TOO.
CHEER OUT LOUD... AND SO WILL YOU—
BECAUSE **SUPER BABY**
HAS **SUPER DO!!**

IT ALL STARTED THIS WAY...

SO MANY TESTS, TO NO AVAIL,
I ALWAYS TRY AND ALWAYS FAIL!
ALL I WANT IS TO GROW HAIR
ON CRANIALS COMPLETELY
BARE!

THE POP INVENTED THINGS THAT ARE NEW,
AT TIMES HE IS A MOTHER, TOO!

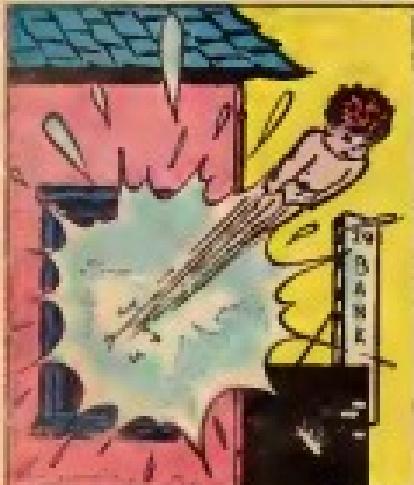
THAT BABY'S HOWLS
WILL DRIVE ME WHACKY
HE MUST BE HUNGRY
BY CRACKY!



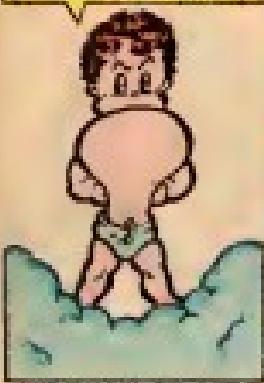
BABY DRINKS SO PEACEFULLY...
UNAWARE OF WHAT'S TO BE...

WOOLE
WOOLE
OOOGLE
MUGGLE!

LISTEN TO THAT
BABY CHIRP...
WHEN SUDDENLY
OUT COMES A
SURPRISE!



SOMETHING'S HAPPENED—
I DON'T MEAN MAYBE—
I HAVE BECOME A
SUPER BABY!



BACK TO BED I'D
BETTER GET...
DAD MUSTN'T KNOW
ABOUT THIS YET!



HEY! A ROBBER—HE'S
GOT SOME GALL.
HE'S CHOPPING UP OUR
BRAND NEW WALL!



THIS CALLS FOR ACTION
I DURMAISE...
BUT FIRST I'LL PUT
ON THIS DISGUISE!



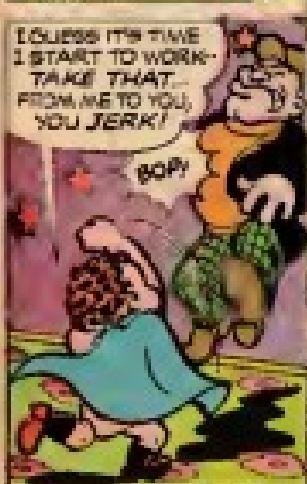
BEG PARDON, SIR—
LEND ME YOUR EAR!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT GOES ON HERE!



PARENTHIS JUST A TINY KID.
YA GAVE ME QUITE A SCARE. YOUD
NOW SCREAM BEFORE YOUR
INTEREST DROWNS...
OR POORCO TILL BE TO
BREAK YER NOSES!



I GUESS IT'S TIME
I START TO WORK—
TAKE THAT...
FEEL ME TO YOU,
YOU JERK!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY
WITH THAT!!!
I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM
LIMB, YOU BRAT!



D AND AS THE THUG LET'S GO
A ROCK...
HE LEARN'S THAT BABY'S
HARD AS ROCK!



WHILE THE ROBBER
WELLS IN PAUSE...

FOR MY JIBES
THIS WALL FALL—
HE'LL HELP ME BUST
RIGHT THROUGH
THE WALL!

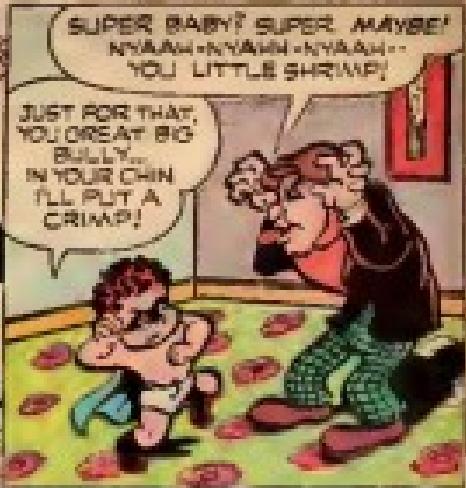


AN IDEA TAKES PLACE
IN HIS BRAIN!



SUPER BABY? SUPER MAYBE?
NYAHAH-NYAHNAH-NYAHNAH—
YOU LITTLE SHRIMP!

JUST FOR THAT,
YOU GREAT BIG
BULLY...
IN YOUR CHIN
I'LL PUT A
CRIMP!



CRASH!

SEE...
MY LITTLE CHUM?
THIS ROBBER BOY
IS NOT SO DUMB!

A WALL HAS TWO SIDES,
AS YOU CAN SEE—
BUT THIS IS THE SIDE
THAT INTERESTS ME!

SINCE THE BANK
VALLEY
INTERESTS YOU—
THIS IS WHERE
I'LL LET YOU
STEAL!

CRASH!



FIRST I'LL PUT
THIS WALL
IN PLACE...

I CAN'T GET
OUT...
OH, WHAT
DISGRACE!

IN MINUTES
FEW...
IN COMES THE
COPS...
AS INTO BED
OUR BABY
FLOP!



NO MORE AT LAST THIS
THUG WILL SCOFF...
WHEN THIS BURGLAR-BELL
GOES OFF!



THIS ROBBER SAYS
YOUR LITTLE KID
LOCKED HIM IN THE
VAULT, HE DID!

TAKE HIM AWAY
—HE'S ONLY A
PHONEY!

WHAT HE SAYS
IS ALL BALONEY;
FROM THE ROOM
WE'RE IRONIC
PEEP...

MY BABY BEAR
HAS BEEN FAST
ASLEEP!

AND THEN HE
PASTED UP
THE WALL...
AND FOR THE COPS
I HAD TO CALL!



OH,
YEAH!

XMAS IN MEXICO

By WALTER GARDENER

PANCHO looked up at the night sky. The stars looked close enough to grab. He sighed. If only he could do that, his problem would be solved. For, here it was the night before Christmas and never had he and Cisco been in such hot water. There was that little matter of the bank. Was it their fault that the cashier had had fancy ideas about the money in the bank?

No. Of course not. Any idiot who held onto money in the face of a gun was a fool and deserved a light love tap on the head.

But the authorities had taken a different view of their little prank. They were, thought Pancho, 'Hot as a tortilla.' And till the heat was off the matter of getting a Xmas present was little involved.

Pancho got to his feet. He was trying to use the bank's money. That might lead to a little trouble. No. There must be some other way to get Cisco a present.

Pancho's eye flicked over his gun. A beauty it was. Pearl handled and accurate as the very devil.

He looked at the gun again. Yes. That was it!

He walked off into the night. Soon, but not too soon, for he had had to walk into town. Cisco was off somewhere with their only horse, he arrived in town.

He passed in the tiny Mexican alley. It was narrow, and best of all, dark. He pulled his serape close around him and ducked into the little store. The owner looked up. He rubbed his hands together.

"Ah," said the owner of the store. "And what is your pleasure, amor? You would like to buy a little something for a fair one? A mantilla, maybe . . . or a comb for her raven black hair?"

He stopped abruptly as he saw Pancho draw out the pearl handled gun. He raised his hands in horror. "Not," he quavered. "Not a holiday tonight! Not on Christmas Eve!"

Pancho shook his head no, and said. "Be quiet, imbécile. I would make an exchange. You?"

The owner said, "You would like to make an exchange? I say no! No . . . go or I will call the . . ."

Pancho sighted. Life was so difficult. Here he had walked all this way just to be nice and this fellow was not letting him be nice.

Pancho said, "You have little choice.

Either you exchange this beautiful gun for a bridle, suitably ornamented with silver or . . ."

The owner gulped and pulled a lovely horse's bridle off the wall. He said, "Senor, I have jinxed. Of course I would be only too glad to exchange this worthless bridle for that so beautiful gun. Here. Take it and go. Please come. Go . . ."

Pancho went. But not till he had taken the bullets out of his gun. He threw his gun to the man grabbed the bridle and sidled out into the night. Behind him, the owner raised his voice. "Help!" he called. I have been set upon by thieves. Help . . ."

Pancho disappeared into the velvety black of the alley. Soon the hard concrete of the town gave way to the soft sand of the desert. Pancho drew his first deep breath.

That had been too close for comfort. A policeman had hardly missed falling over him as he had crouched in the alley.

But now all was well. He was in the desert, his home. And ahead, at a small, discreet camp fire he could see the Cisco Kid.

"Ole, ole," called Pancho. "You are back just in the nick of time. I have a small something for you."

Cisco's lean handsome face split in a smile. "And I," he said, "have a small something for you. I am sorry it is not wrapped but I had a little trouble getting it for you. I had to move a trifle rapidly!"

They both smiled at each other as they handed each other their Christmas presents. The smiles froze and then faded.

Cisco looked at the bridle and said. "It is beautiful."

Pancho looked at his present, the liveliest ammunition belt he had ever seen. He gulped. Now if he only had a gun for the belt all would be well. But, it was gone.

Cisco felt the bridle. He ran it through his hands and said, "Pancho this is the most beautiful present I ever got. There is only one small drawback. I swapped my horse for the belt, for you!"

Their faces were long and solemn for a moment. Then they both burst out laughing. Cisco said, "There will be more horses and more guns, Pancho! These are the best presents in the world, for they were bought with what we loved best . . ."

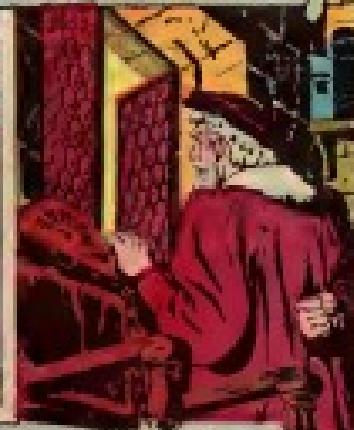
ILLUSTRATED STORIES OF THE OPERAS

FAUST

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL EUROPEAN VILLAGE DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. WE ENTER THE STUDY OF DR. FAUST, AGED PHILOSOPHER, WHO HAS GROWN WEARY OF LIFE, AND OF THE VAIN SEARCH FOR THE SOURCE OF ALL KNOWLEDGE...



AND AFTER MANY YEARS OF CONSISTENT FAILURES... FAUST CONCLUDED THAT WHAT HE HAD SOUGHT WAS BEYOND HIM...



TIME AND AGAIN HE HAD THOUGHT TO END HIS EXISTENCE BY TAKING POISON, BUT ALWAYS THERE WAS THE MERRY VOICES OF MAIDENS SINGING...



ENRAGED BY HIS LACK OF WILL POWER, HE SEIZED A GLASS VIAL AND FILLED IT WITH THE DEADLY MIXTURE...

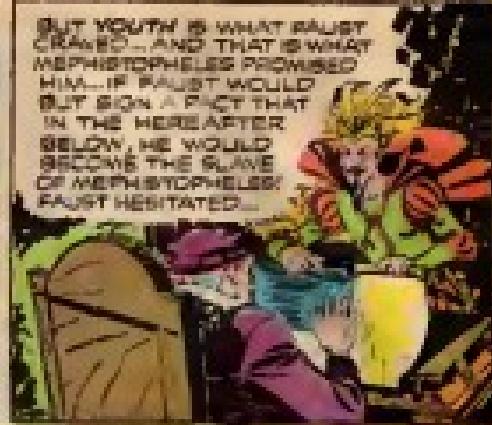


CLASPED ALL THAT WAS GOOD AND CALLING UPON THE EVIL ONE TO AID HIM... FAUST LIFTED THE GLASS, AND...

IT WAS MEPHISTOPHELES OFFERING GOLD, GLORY, POWER... BUT THE AGED DOCTOR DECLINED...



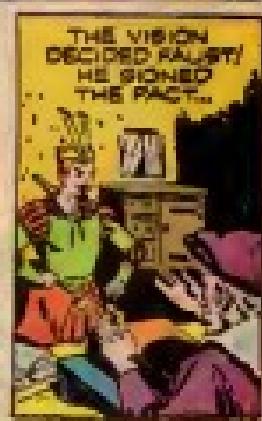
BUT YOUTH IS WHAT FAUST CRAVED... AND THAT IS WHAT MEPHISTOPHELES PROMISED HIM! IF FAUST WOULD BUT SIGN A PACT THAT IN THE HEREAFTER BELOW, HE WOULD BECOME THE SLAVE OF MEPHISTOPHELES... FAUST HESITATED...



BUT THE EVIL ONE CREATED A BEAUTIFUL VISION... THAT OF MARGUERITE...

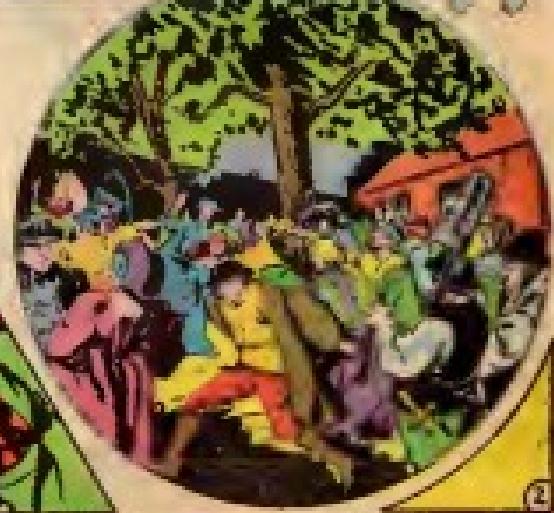


THE VISION DECIDED FAUST! HE SIGNED THE PACT...



OUR SCENE CHANGES TO THE TOWN FAIR, WHERE THE EVIL ONE HAS TAKEN THE "YOUNG" FAUST TO SEEK HIS LOVE, MARGUERITE...

AND WAS IT NOT FAUST WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN TO THE FAIR?



BUT MARGUERITE WAS BUSY SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HER BROTHER VALENTINE... WHO WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE WARS. HE COMMENDS HIS SISTER TO THE CARE OF SEBASTIEN, WHO SECRETLY ADORED HER...



ALL BUT MARGUERITE RETIRE TO THE VILLAGE TAVERN TO CELEBRATE... THE EVIL ONE, SEEING A CHANCE TO CAUSE TROUBLE, FOLLOWED...



...AND WITH ONE MIGHTY BOUND HE LEAPED ONTO THE TABLE...



...AND WITH ONE BLOW OF HIS SWORD THE FIEND CAUSED A FERY LIQUOR TO FLOW MIRACULOUSLY FROM THE BARREL, AND PROPOSED A TOAST TO MARGUERITE... VALENTINE RESENTED THE INSULT, AND DREW HIS SWORD...



...BUT HIS SWORD WAS BROKEN IN HIS HAND...



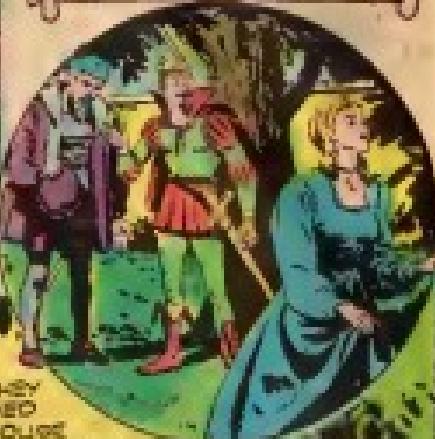
VALENTINE HELD HIS CRUCIFORM SWORD-HILT TOWARD MEPHISTOPELLES, WHO EDGED AWAY FROM THE HOLY SYMBOL...



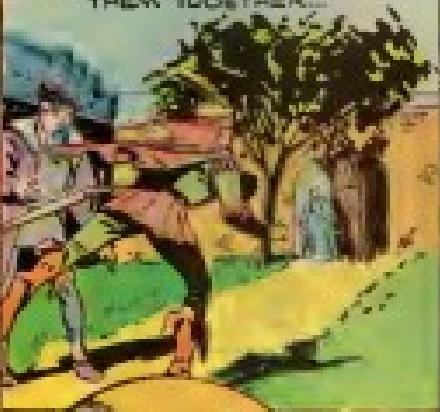
THEN FAUST TOOK HIS LOVE MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS... HE PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...



...AND OFFERED TO ESCORT MARGUERITE TO HER HOME... BUT SHE TIMIDLY DECLINED HIS ASSISTANCE...



LEAVING HIM ENSHAMOURED OF HER BEAUTY! BUT THE FIEND WAS FAR FROM BEATEN... HE ORDERED FAUST TO FOLLOW, FOR HE HAD THE PERFECT PLAN TO BRING THEM TOGETHER...



BUT AS THEY REACHED THE HOUSE THEY SAW SIEBEL ABOUT TO LEAVE A HOSEDAY AT MARGUERITE'S DOORSTEP...



...AND PLACED IT NEAR SIEBEL'S HOSEDAY OFFERING...

WHEN MARGUERITE ARRIVED WITH HER NEIGHBOR MARTHA... SHE SIGHTED THE GIFT-LADEN DOORWAY...



LAUGHING AT THE FUNNY TOKEN, MEPHISTOPHELES DREW FROM INSIDE HIS CLOAK A CASKET OF PRECIOUS JEWELS...



QUICKLY SHE LIFTED THE BOUQUET... AND IT WAS THEN SHE FIRST SAW THE TREASURE...



NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE BEEN SUCH PRICELESS JEWELS. SO AWEED WAS SHE WITH THEIR SPARKLING BEAUTY, SHE COULD NOT RESIST THE DESIRE TO ADORN HERSELF WITH THEM...



WHILE THIS OCCURRED, FAUST AND HIS EVIL ALLY APPEARED...

MUCH TIME PASSED, AND FAUST HAD DESERTED MARGUERITE AND THEIR CHILD... AND TO THE SCORN OF HER FORMER COMPANIONS...



AND WHILE FAUST PLEADED HIS PASSION'S CAUSE SUCCESSFULLY WITH MARGUERITE, THE EVIL ONE ENGAGED MARTHA IN CONVERSATION...



MESSEL ALONE WAS FAITHFUL, AND SPOKE COMFORTING WORDS... BUT WORDS COULD NOT COMFORT ONE WHOSE EVERY THOUGHT WAS FILLED WITH DREAMING...



AROUSED, HE RUSHED TO THE HOUSE TO FIND MEPHISTOPHELES AND FAUST SITTING AN INSULTING GRENADE UNDER HIS SISTER'S WINDOW. DRAWN BY HIS SWORD, HE CHALLENGED FAUST TO A DUEL.



JUST THEN, VALENTE RETURNED FROM THE WAR... AND IT WAS THEN THAT HE HEARD THE EVIL STORIES OF HIS SISTER'S CONDITION...

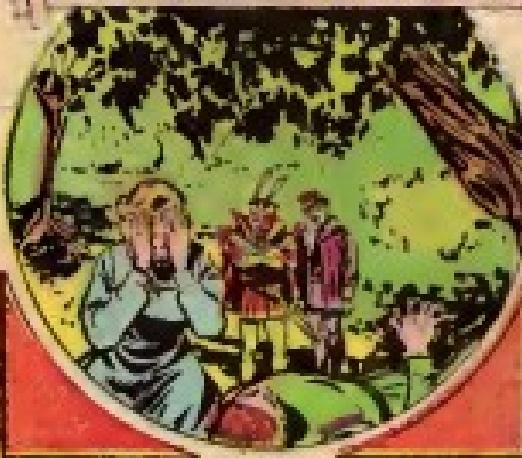


AND SOON BOTH WERE
ENGAGED IN A LIFE AND
DEATH STRUGGLE...



DYING, HE CURSED MARQUERITE, WHO
HAD COME TO HIS SIDE... AND ACCUSED
HER OF BRINGING HIM TO HIS END...

BUT VALENTINE DID
NOT KNOW THAT HE
FOUGHT NOT ONLY
WITH FAUST... BUT
WITH THE DEVIL, TOO!
AND SOON...



MARQUERITE, HER REASON SHAKEN
BY HER MISFORTUNES, HAS
KILLED HER CHILD... AND FOR
THIS CRIME SHE WAS CONDEMNED
TO DIE...



FAUST PLEADED WITH
MARQUERITE TO FLY
WITH HIM... BUT HER
POOR MIND COULD NOT
GRASP THE SITUATION...



BUT AT THE SIGHT
OF THE EVIL ONE,
SHE TURNED FROM
HIM IN HORROR...
FELL TO HER KNEES
AND implored THE
MERCY OF HEAVEN...



AS SHE DROPPED IN DEATH,
MEPHISTOPHELES PRONONCED
HER DAMNED... BUT A HEAVENLY
VOICE PRECLAIRED HER PARSHONED!

THE END.

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING . . .

By BRUCE ELLIOTT

FUNNYMAN'S horrible face became if anything, more horrible, as he thought of a joke. A very practical joke. He would put that upstart of a detective in his place! First he had to get . . .

The detective looked at the note. It said: "If you want to catch Funnyman, go to the Hotel Grand and ask for room 13. Wait there. . . . A friend."

Room 13 looked much like any other room in any cheap hotel anywhere. The only thing was the peculiar way the desk clerk had looked at him when he had asked for that specific room. The detective thought. From the way the clerk acted you would have thought the blighted room was haunted. Well, he wasn't interested in ghosts, although he'd give his right arm to make sure that Funnyman was made into a ghost by the state executioner.

Was the room a trap? Who was the note from? The detective shrugged. If it *WAS* a trap, he was ready for it. He looked around the room and realized there was no water. He rang for the bellboy. The service was, what he expected. It took about twenty minutes for the boy to come and then another twenty before he got the ice water.

He tapped the boy. The boy looked over his shoulder and said, "Look Mac. You gave me a tip. Now I'll give you one! Get outta this room. It's haunted. Two guys have knocked themselves off here!"

The detective smiled and said, "Thanks, but I think I'll stay."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and left. The detective grinned as he turned out the lights. He lay on his bed and looked at the ceiling. It was so dark he could barely see it. "Ghosts," he thought, "pack of connivers!"

But . . . if there were no such things as ghosts what was that peculiar hissing sound?

He bounded out of bed only to land sprawling on some vague amorphous shape. It was huge. It seemed to fill the whole room. He tore at it with his fingers but to no avail. He shivered. The thing, whatever it was, felt smooth and rubbery. . . .

Something, a rounded like the bottom, fell over on the floor with a crash. Outside the room on the fire escape, Funnyman watched. His scared face grinned more diabolically than usual. It wouldn't be long now!

In the room the detective felt the first

pulsing fingers of panic trace an eerie pattern on his spine.

Whatever the soft smooth thing was, it was getting bigger and bigger every minute. It was no longer quite so soft; it was hacking him against the wall now. Part of the soft part of it was closing over his face.

He tore at it with his finger nails. As he did so, he felt sheer horror course through him as he heard Funnyman's mocking voice say, "Some fun, eh kid? I'll bet you'll die laughing!"

The thing was bigger now. All the furniture in the room was crushed and broken against the wall.

The strangling part of the soft thing closed over the detective's face. It covered his mouth. The nostrils were covered now. No use to grab for breath. There was no more air for his tortured lungs. Everything got black. His body relaxed as he died. But it could not fall to the ground for the soft enveloping thing, hard as cement now, jammed his dead body against the wall and would not let it drop.

Outside, on the fire escape, Funnyman, at the window, which was locked on the inside so that there was only about a foot of open space, laughed quietly, diabolically. He turned off a gas. He thought, "Just wait till the cops come looking for the detective tomorrow and have to break down a door that's locked on the inside, find a window that's only open about a foot and then, let the cops try and figure out what smashed the furniture and smothered their hero to death! Ha, ha."

The hissing sound which had heralded the appearance of the monster that had killed the detective, was re-enacted as Funnyman allowed the gas to escape from the huge balloon which he had stuffed thru the opening in the window. He released the mouth of the balloon from the gas tank next to him. The balloon in the room was no longer hard. It had done its foul work. As the gas escaped, it deflated. Funnyman drew it through the opening in the window. Before he left he sealed one of his cards with his motto . . . "You'll die laughing" into the room.

Thus, his deadly work done for the night, he left. . . .

The following day the hell boy told curious reporters . . . "I warned him! I told him! I told him there was a ghost in that room. He's the third guy that's died in there . . ."

Funnyman

HA-HA!

HO! HO!

HA-HA!

HO!

HA!
HA!

HO!

HA!



"YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!"

LAUGHTER IS THE ONE THING THAT MAN FORGIVES AND ANIMALS DON'T! THEREFORE, IT IS ONE OF THE DISTS OF THE DOGS! IMAGINE, THEN, A MAN SO BEREFT OF HUMANITY THAT HE LAUGHS AS HE KILLS HIS VICTIMS WITH LAUGHTER!--THAT'S FUNNYMAN!

THE VILLAGE BARBER SHOP--JUST OFF MAIN STREET--A TYPICAL CLOTHES-NO PLACE FOR MEN TO SIT THERE WHILE

FOR A BARBER, YOU'RE SOME OLY DEAD PAN! DON'T YOU EVER RELAX THAT FROZEN FACE?

BAH! I USED TO LAUGH UNTIL I MET THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AND SAID... THIS'll KILL YOU--AND WE MEANT IT!



SOUNDS LIKE
A FAIRY
TALE BARBER.
MUCH...WHAT'S
THE DAGO?

GAG! NOOBIE,
SON...THE
DAGO WAS
DEAD
SERIOUS...IT
HAPPENED
LAST YEAR WHILE
YOU WERE IN
THE ARMY.

WELL SON,
TO BETTER
START FROM
THE BEGINNING
WHEN THIS
FAIRY TALE,
AS YOU PUT
IT, STARTED.

HOO-HO AMERICA! A NEW
LAND, IN WHICH I CAN
WORK, A LAND WHERE I
CAN MAKE PEOPLE
LAUGH!

I STILL CAN'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
THE FUEHRER GAVE
YOU PERMISSION
TO USE HIS ESCAPE
U-BOAT. IT'S VERY
CONFUSING, UNLIKE
OUR GREAT
LEADER!

HO-HO! THIS'LL
KILL YOUN' FOOZIE
THAT NOTE & ORDER
TO GET AWAY FROM
GERMANY! WAIT
TILL HITLER
FINDS OUT.

WAIT A MINUTE,
DEAD PAN! THIS
FUNNYMAN...
WHY DID HE
ALWAYS LAUGH?

THAT'S PART OF
THE STORY...A
NOTH TOO
PLEASANT PART!

BEFORE
FUNNYMAN
LEFT
GERMANY,
HE WAS
ONE OF
THE
MOST
SKILLED
TORTURERS
IN
THE
GESTAPO!

THERE IS ONE SPOT ON
THE RISE WHERE A WHIP
WILL BRING ON PAROXYSMS
OF LAUGHTER! WATCH...

SOMEDAY THE PEOPLE
WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH...
FROM THE OTHER SIDE
OF YOUR FACE!

"AND THAT DAY DAD CAME...
THE PEOPLE DID GET HIM AND
WHEN THEY WERE THROUGH WITH
HIM... HE LOOKED LIKE THIS..."



"THERE THEY MADE A MISTAKE!
INSTEAD OF KILLING HIM, THEY
JUST CARVED THE LAUGH
INTO HIS FACE!"



"SO IT WAS THAT HE GOT AWAY
AS I SAID. HE GOT TO THIS
COUNTRY... HE LANDED RIGHT
NEAR HERE."

"I WILL BRING LAUGHTER
TO THIS COUNTRY! AH... I
WILL HAVE A WON-
DERFUL TIME!"



"AND HE DID! FOR IN NO TIME HE
HEADED A GANG OF CRIMINALS!"

"HERE IS
OUR NEW
WEAPON!
GASH!"

"WHAT A MINUTE,
BUNNYMAN! YOU'RE
THE BOSS, BUT IF WE
KILL PEOPLE WITH
GASH, WELL HAVE THE
FEDS DOWN ON US!"



"HOOLY! THIS IS LAUGHING
GASH! THEY'LL LAUGH
WHILE WE PLUNDER THEM!
I HAVE OUR GAS MASKS
ALL READY! PREPARE!"



HA!
HA!
HOHA!

"HO/HO/HO!
THEY'RE
ROBBING
THE BANK!
HA/HAN"



HA! HA! THE
DIRTY CROOKS!
THEY'RE STEAL-
ING THE BANK'S
MONEY! HA! HA!

WE MUST
HAVE
STOLEN
MORE
THAN A
HUNDRED
GRAND!

IT WAS FUNNY
SEEING THEM
LAUGH AS WE
ROBBED THEM
BLIND BUT ARE
YOU SURE
THEY'LL BE
ALL RIGHT?

SURE!
NOW JUST
DRIVE ON I
WILL MEET
LATER AND
DIVIDE
THE SPOILS!

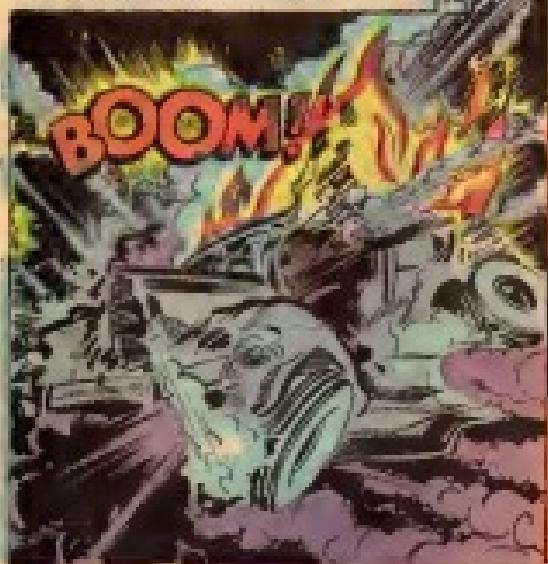
CHARLIE YOU
SAY THE GAS
WILL WEAR OFF.
I DARE THEY'LL
RECOVER!

SURE... THEY'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! JUST LIKE YOU'LL
BE WHEN THE TIME BOMB
GOES OFF! HO-HO-HO

HA-HA! THE
KNOCKS! THEY
REALLY
THOUGHT I'D
SPLIT THE
LOOT WITH
THEM! HO-HO-HO

THE EFFECTS OF
THE GAS NEVER
WORE OFF! THE
PEOPLE WHO HAD
INHALED IT
LAUGHED UNTIL
THEY DIED!

UHHH! WHAT
A HORRIBLE
WAY TO DIE!
WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT?



"I HAD JUST BECOME FESTAL SHED AT THIS TIME. ONE DAY AFTER THE BANK ROBBERY TWO MEN CAME IN TO SEE ME..."

"WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!"

"AS A BARBER, YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE EVERY MAN IN TOWN! WE WANT YOU TO TRY AND REMEMBER A MAN WHO NEVER COMES IN HERE!"

"NEVER COMES HERE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND..."

"THIS FUNNYMAN DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN... SO HE'S STILL HERE, BUT DISGUISED! HE WOULDN'T DARE ALLOW HIS DISGUISED FACE TO BE SHAVEd... SO WE WANT YOUR HELP!"

"I SEE..."

"SO I WATCHED MY CUSTOMERS... AND ONE DAY..."

"HAIR CUT!
NO DOG ON
THE HAIR!
NO SHAVE
AND HAIRCUT
SNAPPY!"

"NEVER SEEN
THIS MAN BEFORE!
HE NEEDS A
HAIRCUT... I
WONDER..."

"I WONDERED IF I COULD RISK IT! -- I PRETENDED I DON'T HEAR HIM SAY 'NO SHAVE'..."

"HEY! DU VERDAMMTE...
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!"



SO YOU
ARE
FUNNY-
MAN!

LITTLE GOOD IT WILL DO
YOU! I'VE GOT A GUN IN MY
POCKET... SO WALK OUT OF
HERE AHEAD OF ME! IF YOU
CALL OR MAKE A FACE—
I'LL BLOW YOUR BACK
BONG OUT OF YOU!

HURRY!



INTO THE HOUSE! I SHALL
ENTERTAIN YOU THERE!
HO-HO! WE SHALL HAVE
SUCH FUN... THIS'LL
KILL YOU!



"I HOPED THE F.B.I. MEN WOULD
COME TO CHECK ON ME THAT DAY..."

HA-HA! STOP...
YOU'RE KILLING
ME... I CAN'T
LAUGH ANY MORE!
HO-HO! IT
HURTS, STUPID!

STOP? WHY, WE
HAVEN'T EVEN
STARTED! WAIT—
I HAVE STILL A
Funnier IDEA!



THIS'LL BE A SCREAM!
BUT UNFORTUNATELY, I MUST
PREPARE A GETAWAY... SO
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO MY LITTLE
ASSISTANTS... THEY LOVE
HONEY... HO-HO!



NICE RATS... EAT THE ROPES...
NICE RATS! IF THEY ONLY
CONTINUE, I MAY HAVE A
CHANCE... I WONDER HOW
LONG HE'LL BE GONE...?



THE RATS FREED ME! I WENT UPSTAIRS AND SAW FLUKEY MAN NEAR THE BRIDGE... EVIDENTLY HE'D SLIDED HIS LOOT THERE. I SNEAKED OUT, NOT KNOWING THAT HELP WAS NEAR... THE OWNER HAD TRAILED US...

THE
FRIEND!
HILL...



HE NEVER CAME UP AGAIN, AND THE LOOT WAS GONE... THERE WAS NOTHING UNDER THE LOOSE PLANK!

BRRAH... WHAT A STORY... I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD!



HEY DEAD PAP! LOOK! I GRADUATED FROM BARBER COLLEGE! I TOOK A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE! CAN I OWE ANYBODY A FREE SHAVE?

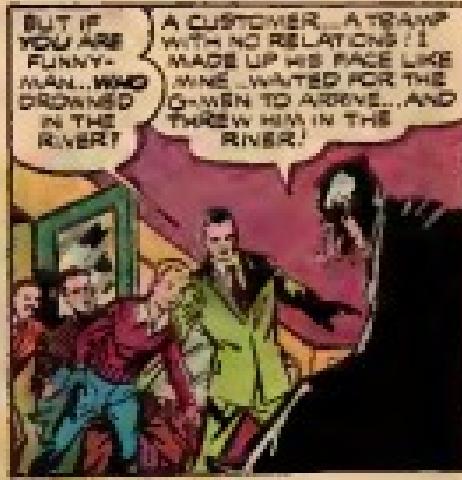
NOW YOU HAVE COMPETITION, DEAD PAP! THANKS FOR THE STORY AND SO LONG!



A FINE THING! I WORK AND STUDY, AND NOBODY WILL LET ME SHAVE 'EM OR GIVE 'EM A HAIRCUT! SEE YOU LATER, DEAD PAN!

DON'T MAKE IT TOO SOON, LAD... I'LL TAKE MY NAP NOW!

NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'LL GIVE DEAD PAN A SHAVE AND THEN WHEN HE SEES HOW GOOD I AM... HE'LL OWE ME A JOB!





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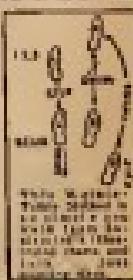
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OR NO COST

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BUT HE WANTED TO TALK TO ME
ABOUT THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS
ON HIS FACE."

"I TALKED TO BOB
ABOUT THOSE FILTHY
BLACKHEADS ON HIS
FACE."

"WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS, JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME."

"THANKS BOB,
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING."

"JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!"

"YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT
HONEY!"



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DISTANT
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THE

CISCO KID

U.S.A.



IT DON'T EVERY DAY THAT THE SHERIFF GIVES A SEND-OFF TO ANYONE LIKE THIS... UNLESS IT'S THE CISCO KID AND HIS EVER-EATIN' PAL, PANCHO!

HURRY, PANCHO! I DO NOT THINK THE SHERIFF LIKES OUR COMPANY!



DAD OUT YORE SPURS AM TENT
CALLON SONGBIRD, NEIGHBORS!
WITH YORE HANG TUM THE RAIL, GIT
DOWN AN TAKE A LOAD OFFEN
TOM FORTI TAKE A CHAIN FULL YORE
A PLUG O' TERBACKY! CAUSE THE
BELT IN REEL TIGHT, AN HE WONT
CISCO KID IS COMIN' AN HE WONT
DON NO TIME TO MESS WITH NO
SMALL FRY SMALL CHANGE! WHAR
THAR'S TROUBLE, THAR'S CISCO—
WHAR THAR'S A FORTY-SIXER,
THAR'S CISCO! AN WHAR THAR'S
THAR'S CISCO—THAR'S THAT EVER-LIVIN'
CISCO—THAR'S THAT EVER-LIVIN'

POOR PANCHOL. HE RIDE SO SLOW AND THE SHERIFF'S BULLETS COME SO FAST... I MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK TO SAVE HIM!

CISCO! THEY COME! DODGE!

HI, PANCHOL! I HAVE ONE BRIGHT IDEA! WATCH ME! AND DO AS I SAY--NOW COME... RIDE.

PANCHOL RIDES!

YOU SAW ME FROZEN DE HOT LEAD... I MAKE YOU NICE HOT TORTILLAS KEEED...

YOU SEE? NOW YOU RIDE ON A LITTLE... THEN BRING BACK MY HORSE!

HOWAY, CISCO! BUT BE CAREFUL...

MURRAY, MY BRAVE SHERIFF, AND CISCO WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO HANDLE A ROPA!

WE'RE GAININ' ON 'EM... THE VARMINTS!

CARNIBARN 'EVIL... MISSED AGAIN! BUT WE'LL HAIL 'EM IN THEM WOODS, SHERIFF!

HEY! WHAT THE... WHO?

I GIVE YOU THREE GUACAMOLE, SHERIFF!



IT'S YOU, HUH? YOU
DAG BLASTED PUP,
CISCO!"

"MY DEAR SHERIFF!
SUCH MANNERS!"

CUT US DOWN, CHAD, OR
I'LL SEE YO' HANGIN' FROM
ONE OF THESE LIMBZ!"

"TSK, TSK! IF
YOU SAY IT THAT
WAY, MAYBE I
LEAVE NOW!"

"AH, NOW, SAY CISCO--DON'T DOU
YOU CAINT LEAVE US BE LIKE THIS--
ER...CAINT WE TALK THIS OVER?"

"VERY GOOD,
SHERIFF, I
ACCEPT YOUR
APOLOGY...
NOW TELL
CISCO WHY
YOU CHASE
HIM WITH
BULLETS..."

"YOU KNOW BLASTED
WELL WHY--EVERY TIME
YOU COME INTO TOWN,
TROUBLE STARTS!"

"TROUBLE? ME?
WHY, SHERIFF...
WHAT DID CISCO
DO NOW?"

"ONLY BROKE THE HEART
OF EVERY GAL IN TOWN,
THAT'S ALL! EVERY MAN'S
GOT THE LINCHIN' SPIRIT
AGIN' YEH!"

"IT IS ONE BIG
LIE, SHERIFF!
I SWEAR BY
LOUISE... BY
MARCIAN... BY
CAROLINE... BY
SUZANNE... BY
MOLLY, BY..."

"AND SO FORTH
EH? --YOU STAY
OUTTA THIS TOWN,
OR I'LL LET 'EM
STRING YOU UP!"